

106 FABLES *in* VERSE.

In a Rye-field, where oft she sung,  
A Lark took lodging for her young;  
But saw with sorrow and surprise,  
It ripe, 'ere they could skim the skies.  
In this distress—my chicks, said she,  
Whene'er abroad for food ye flee,  
The news you hear to me relate,  
That we may ward the strokes of fate.  
Next morn, the farmer and his son,  
About the fields their walk begun;  
Sure, quoth the man, this grain is grown  
Too ripe, and should, ere this, be down.  
To-morrow, boy, before the dawn,  
Hither let all our friends be drawn.  
Home hie in haste the tim'rous brood  
The dreadful tale proclaim aloud;  
The Parent Bird unfrighted hears,  
And thus her Offspring frees from fears.

" Children, said she, go take your rest,  
" Safe, for to-morrow, stands the nest;  
" His harvest work he long attends,  
" Who leaves the labour to his friends."

Next morn abroad her young ones go,  
More food to get, more news to know:

At

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At length the farmer hob  
To see his friends cut, do  
But sees he came,—alas!  
Though the high sun pro  
Our friends, quoth he,  
Of late, are wond'rous  
Well, we'll our kindred  
To-morrow they shall c  
The Larks thought now a  
And seek their nest and  
" Peace, quoth the mo  
" And at to-morrow's v  
At break of day, the cl  
As usual, to the fields  
Untouch'd they saw the  
And not a cousin near a  
Well,—quoth the fire,  
And friendship I've ill  
Uncut see yonder stands  
Men only for themselve  
To-morrow, ere the sun  
Two sickles bring for y  
Our friends and kindre  
Let us the harvest bear